

**The opening of the wo.**  
**des of the Prophet Joel, in his se-**  
**cond and third Chapters, reherſed by**  
**Chriſt in Mathewe. xxiij. Marke. xij.**  
**Luke. xxi. and by Peter Actes. ii.**  
**concerning the Signes**  
**of the laſt day.**

*Compiled by Robert Crowley in the yeare*  
*of our Lord. M. D. XLVI. And*  
*peruſed againe by the ſame.*

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# Signes and Tokens of the last day.

**R**epent, repent,  
I say repent  
Your misse, & it amende :  
Christes propheticie,  
Doth shew plainely,  
This world shall shortly ende.  
Darke is the sunne,  
Bloud is the moone,  
From heauen are fallen the stars :  
Earthquakes are seene,  
Pestilence, famine,  
Rumors tel nought but wars.

I do intend  
Small tyme to spend,  
To proue these rumours true :  
For at eche porte,  
Where is resorte,  
We heare them dayly new.

But I know well,  
That the Gospel,  
Meaneth some other thing,  
By this warre then,  
A.y. That

Signes  
and tokens  
of the last day

Signes and Tokens

That mortall men,  
Should be giuen to fighting.

For since men were,  
Of such number,  
That wars might be maintained:  
Ech Emperie,  
Hath sought glorie,  
And hath the rest disdained.

But the wars that,  
Christ saith shall at,  
The last day be so great :  
Are not the same,  
Wherof the same,  
Of histories doth treat.

I dare be bolde,  
This warre is holde,  
With that sword y<sup>e</sup> Christ sent  
Among vs, when  
He said all men,  
From other should dissent.

I came saith he,  
Not to giue ye  
Peace, but to send a sword,  
Among you all,  
Wherewith you shall,  
Fall at bitter discord.

The



of the last day.

The parents shall,  
Make the childe thrall,  
And the childe them againe :  
To them shall bee,  
Great ioy to see,  
Eche other of them slayne.

No maner kinne,  
Shall auaille in  
That case, no man shall misse :  
To haue them that,  
He kepeth at,  
His charge his enemies.

Thus doth he say,  
That men shall slay,  
Eche other cruelly :  
For this great fight,  
Passeth the might,  
Of our great chivalry.

Our men of might,  
When they do fight,  
Can neuer hurt the soule :  
But these men quell,  
Them into hell,  
That Satan may them coule.

These men are they,  
That vse alway,

A.ij.

To

Signes and Tokens  
To iudge such men holiest :  
As they do see,  
On the earth to be,  
Counted as the highest.

Yea they do thinke,  
That the poore stinke,  
Before the face of God :  
Because they see,  
That pouertie,  
Is counted the Lordes rod.

They do pretende,  
For to defende,  
The faith with might & maine:  
Wherefore all they,  
That will say nay,  
With the sword must be slaine.

This is their trade,  
They will perswade  
Men that worldly wealthis,  
The rewarde, that  
Christ sayleth not,  
To giue them that are his.

They say further,  
Will Christ suffer,  
His church to be trode downe ?  
No no, they shall,

Raigne



of the last day.  
Reigne ouer all,  
Both in citie and towne.  
The wicked bee  
Faine for to flee,  
From place to place eche day :  
For feare of his,  
Righteous iustice,  
To this who dare say nay ?

But thus say they,  
We flee away,  
From persecution :  
And yet all we,  
Know it to be,  
Just execution.

For they professe,  
Christes faith no lesse,  
That execute the thyng :  
Than those men did,  
That first preached,  
The christian lining.

How can they then,  
Persecute men,  
That professe Christ also :  
Unlesse they should,  
Be found so bold,  
To say both yea and no.

But

## Signes and Tokens

But there be some,  
In christendome,  
That are malefactours:  
And these will say,  
We runne away,  
From the persecutours.

When they halfe woad,  
Flee from the good  
Shepherdes, that will not see,  
The tender lambes,  
Kilde, and their dams,  
That Christ bought on the tree.  
All this they teach,

And to vs preach,  
These things men must beleue:  
Pea this may not,  
Be sticked at,  
To these things me must cleue.

Alas the while,  
How they begile,  
The silly soules that can;  
By this meanes know,  
Little I trowe,  
Of the faith christian.

For Christ saith that,  
His secte shall not,

Shed



of the last day.

Shed bloud but shall suffer :  
All tyranny,  
And vilany,  
And be no reuenger.

Wherefore I dare,  
Say that the warre,  
Wherof Christ propheticied :  
When eche brother,  
Should slay other,  
Is euen now fulfilled.

For we may see,  
That now there be,  
Diuers opinions :  
Diuers beleues,  
Wherto men cleues,  
In diuers regions.  
And eche man will,  
His brother kill,  
Chockly and then be glad :  
As though he were,  
Worthy to heare,  
Great praise for works so bad.

One sort doth teach,  
And to vs preache,  
That works must make vs free,  
From mortall sinne,

That

## Signes and Tokens

That we are in,  
If we will saued be.

For thus they say,  
Michael shall way,  
Us in his balance two :  
Where shall be had,  
Both good and bad,  
Workes that we haue ydo.

If the better,  
Be heavier,  
Then shall we liue for aye :  
But if our sinne,  
The better winne,  
Then are we like to paye.

They haue no eyes,  
On gods mercies,  
But on the equall waight :  
For they say plaine,  
They are certaine,  
Gods iudgemēt shal be straight

For Christ hath sayd,  
We wyl be payd,  
According to our workes :  
Wherefore eche slaue,  
Shall buffets haue,  
That in his seruice lurkes.

And



of the last day.  
And when they synde,  
One to their minde,  
That will to them applie:  
Then they reioyce,  
With heart and voyce,  
And shew him curtesie.

The other syde,  
Can not abide,  
To heare of woakes at all:  
For Gods mercie,  
Say they shall bie,  
All them free that are thrall.

Christ shed his blood,  
Upon the Rode,  
For that intent onely:  
We must graunt then,  
All kindes of men,  
Must nedes be saued thereby.

All murderers,  
Aduouterers,  
Theues, robbers, and ill men:  
Shall by his bloude,  
Shed on the Rode  
Of heauen be right certen.

Thus they say all,  
And him they call,

Signes and Tokens

A perfect christian :

That will apply

To their folp,

And a right honest man.

Thus on eche side,

Both shoote to wide,

Of the pricke, for the one

Saith, workes is all,

That saue the thral,

The other wil haue none.

Of these eche man,

Doth what he can,

To kill his brothers soule :

Eche giueth his mynde,

Such for to synde,

As will not him controle.

The middle sorte,

That doth exhorste,

All men to liue godly :

And to thinke that,

Their worke shall not,

Save them but Gods mercy,

Are they that beare,

The burden here,

For both hate them to death :

Their whole intent,



Is to inuent,  
Some way to stop their breath;  
Thus eche brother,  
Killeth other,  
Some the flesh, some the spirite  
So that I dare,  
Call this the warre,  
Wherof the Prophets write.

For since kings coulde,  
As I haue tolde,  
Haue men of warre to fight :  
With wicked will,  
They haue sought still,  
To win much ground by might.

¶

As for famine,  
Such now is sene,  
As erst hath not bene knowen :  
Both poore and riche,  
Perishe aliche,  
No seede growes that is sown  
By this I meane,  
Ghostly famine,  
For lacke of ghostly fode :  
The heauenly felde,

Lie

**I**ye doth vntilde,  
And brings forth nothing good.

**I**f any sowe,  
They will not bowe,  
But stiffely scatter seedes :  
Setting no hand,  
To tyll the land,  
So nought groweth vp but weedes.

**P**et in churches,  
Gods worde lurches,  
In chaines or in a cage :  
But no man may,  
Theron hand lay,  
That hath none heritage.

**I**ames writeth this,  
With God there is,  
To riches no respecte :  
His worde would he,  
Knownen for to be,  
To all his true electe.

**F**urther he saith,  
Most riche in faith,  
Are some of the base sort :  
Whome to repell,  
From the Gospell,  
Gods worde will not supporte.

**K**nole



Know we may sone,  
Who hath this done,  
Satan no doubt it is :  
That by this way,  
He might decay,  
Christes faith and stablish his.

For he knoweth wel,  
If the Gospell;  
Might raigne among the poore :  
They would sone know,  
Them to follow,  
That enter by the doore.

He knoweth riche men,  
Reade now and then,  
For pleasure and repast :  
But to redresse,  
Their wickednesse,  
Few of them do make hast.

For if they would,  
Po poore men should,  
Among them starue for foode :  
Into prison,  
None should be done,  
For det or worldly good.

But their riches,  
Doth them possesse,

And.

signes and tokens  
And hath them in a bande :  
Witnesse I can,  
That riche yong man,  
Whom Christ had sell his land,  
With heauy hart,  
Away he start,  
As one that thought it deare,  
Heauen to possesse,  
For his richesse,  
And liue a begger here.

How many now,  
Would dissalow,  
This yong mans sapience :  
Aske them that bee,  
Of high degree,  
And haue great store of pence  
Some wil you tell,  
That the Gospell,  
Commaundeth no such thing,  
That they should feede,  
Such as haue neede,  
And then go on begging.

Ful true it is,  
Christ saith not this,  
Giue all and beg thy selfe :  
But thou therfore,

Maist



of the last day.

Shalt not make store,  
And whozd this worldly pelfe.

But thou must spend,  
As God doth send,  
To fede thy familie :  
In thine aray,  
Go not too gay,  
But after thy degré.

Loke what is more,  
Left in thy store,  
Than wil suffice to this :  
He that hath none,  
Must live thereon,  
It is not thine but his.

This to withholde,  
If thou be bolde,  
Or to spend it in waste :  
Thinke not but hee,  
That lent it thee,  
Will call for it in haste.

For if that thou,  
Have scarce pnowe,  
To maintaine thine estate :  
Yet if thou see,  
The poore needie,  
Of that thou must abate.

## Signes and Tokens

If that the price,  
Of vitalles rise,  
So that they must be skant :  
The stewartes dishe,  
Must diminishe,  
Before the houlholde wante.

This worlde cal I,  
Gods familie,  
Wherin the riche men bee :  
As stewartes stoute,  
To rule the route,  
And succour pouertie.

Whom they do ayde,  
That is decayde,  
I thinke no man can tell :  
But if ye gesse,  
Whom they oppresse,  
The poore know that ful well.

The cause of this,  
Is Auarice,  
That raigneth in the cleargy :  
Whose life should shyne,  
Before mens eyne,  
As Phœbus in the sky.

But diuelishe pride,  
Hath bene their guide,

And



of the last day.  
And brought them by so hie,  
That they know not,  
Their owne estate,  
But seeke this worldes glorie.

Wenthes of increase,  
By right successe,  
They claime & cal them theirs:  
But Peter knew,  
No such thing deim,  
To him nor to his heyres.

But if we might,  
See that their light,  
Did shine lyke Peter & Paule,  
Then would we not,  
Debarre them that,  
But rather giue them all.

Them to defame,  
I were to blame,  
And call them Phariseis:  
Unlesse I knew,  
It to be true,  
By their owne witness.

When they do preach,  
And Gods worde teach,  
Vse they not to say so:  
Do as we say,

13.4.

But

## Signes and Tokens

But turne away,  
From that ye see vs do.

The same counsell,  
You know full well,  
Christ gaue to his elect :  
Willing that they,  
Should turne away,  
From the Phariseis sette.

Judge who that will,  
If I do ill,  
To call them Phariseis :  
That vse to preach,  
And Gods worde teach,  
Talking in fleshly waies.

By them Paule saith,  
That preach the faith,  
And liue fleshly themselves,  
Gods worde is blamed,  
And much defamed,  
Among the infidels.

All preachers would,  
Euer be bolde,  
To say come after vs :  
Euen as ye see,  
Us for to bee,  
Seruaunts of Christ Iesus.

For



of the last day.

Fo2 if they say,  
This is the way,  
Wherin Christes flock must walke:  
Unlesse they go,  
Themselues also,  
Few will beleue their talke.

This pondered,  
Holy David  
Saith, sinners may not well:  
Fo2 such as be,  
Of infamie,  
Dishonest Gods Gospell.

This seemeth plaine,  
Men to restraine,  
That none should enterprise:  
In hand to hent,  
Gods Testament,  
To preach in any wise.

Fo2 on the ground,  
None can be found,  
Whome sinne hath not defilde:  
You may me trust,  
All are vniust,  
Both man woman and childe.

Pet some there be,  
In whom we see,

## Signes and Tokens

No maner wickednesse :

But to our sight,

Both day and night,

Their vertues do increase,

Of these we see,

No great plentie,

The pitie is the more :

But when we will,

Gods worde fulfill,

We shall haue better store.

But whiles we are,

So ful of care,

For worldly vanities :

God will vs send,

Few to attend,

Our great enormities.

Pea vnlesse,

Our vice do cease,

And we for mercy call :

Shortly to preach,

And Gods worde teach,

We shal haue none at all.

For such men as,

Do little passe,

To pacify Gods ire :

God wil forsake,

And



of the last day.

And them betake,  
To their owne hartes desire,

They shall promote,  
Eche leude harlote,  
And giue to him credence:  
But all that come,  
To preach wiselome,  
Shall be put to silence.

Follie it were,  
For them that feare,  
Of Prelates to be thent:  
For to applie,  
This prophecie,  
Unto this time present.

But in such case,  
No man may passe,  
Fauour to lose or winne  
Without respect,  
Of any sect,  
Gods worde rebuketh sinne,

Ceasse not to cry,  
Saith Esay,  
Tell my people their owne:  
Certo thy voyce,  
With as much noyse,  
As if trumpets were blowne.

B.iiij.

Here

Signes and Tokens  
Here speaketh hee,  
Of no degree,  
Of lay men nor of clarkes :  
But of them all,  
In generall,  
That do worke wicked works.

Wherefore all ye,  
That faithfull be,  
And beare of Christ the name :  
Do not disdain,  
Though I speake plaine,  
Since sinne is worthy blame.

All such as be,  
Of the cleargie,  
And liue as Christ hath taught :  
My penne shal praise,  
And them displease,  
That willingly do naught.

Of whome no doubt,  
A full great route,  
Within this realme do dwell :  
But them to know,  
My penne I trow,  
Shall teache you all full well.

First marke all such,  
As with one church,

Hols



of the last day.

**H**old not themselves content :  
**T**hey are the chiefe,  
**O**f missebeliefe  
**F**rom Satan to vs sent.

**A**n vnion,  
**O**f two makes one,  
**B**ut a pluralitie:  
**W**ith a tot quot,  
**F**ull wel ye wot,  
**B**ringeth them to high degrée.

**I**f a riche cobbe,  
**B**eget a lobbe,  
**T**he wisest of a thzane :  
**F**or him with golde,  
**H**e wil be bolde,  
**A** fat parsnage to haue.

**W**hen this cobbe will,  
**T**hat parish pill,  
**O**f cozne cattell and straw :  
**W**hiles the yong fole,  
**I**s at the schoule,  
**T**o learne a point of the law.

**W**hen men hilde sheepe,  
**T**hat could not craepe,  
**H**e will haue the tenth sell :  
**A**s due increase,

**O**f

**Signes and Tokens**  
**Of their riches,**  
**Because they do them sell.**

**Also at Lent,**  
**When wines repent,**  
**One peny must they pay :**  
**For hear bes ye wot,**  
**That thickest their pot,**  
**And make their houses gay.**

**But when this Alle,**  
**Hath song a masse,**  
**Of God in Trinitie :**  
**For to encrease,**  
**Worldly riches,**  
**Shall be all his studie.**

**Foure times a yere,**  
**You shall him heare,**  
**Full clarkely teach his flocke :**  
**What sinne it is,**  
**To tithe amisse,**  
**And with Gods part to mocke.**

**At Easter whan,**  
**Eche christian,**  
**To Gods supper shall come :**  
**So sinne shall let,**  
**Him for to eate,**  
**So that he pay the summe.**

**But**



of the last day.

But all that bee,  
In pouertie,  
And haue nothing to pay :  
He will refuse,  
As cursed Iewes,  
That neglect Easter day.

Thus taketh hee,  
As ye may see,  
Gods parte of all degrees :  
To scoure his throte,  
And furre his cote,  
But God for colde shall freeze.

Perchaunce his kinne,  
Shall somewhat winne,  
If that they please him well :  
But for most part,  
Their tender hart,  
Pitieth some faire damosell.

Few men haue sene,  
Grace to them giuen,  
Their tithes well to bestow :  
That haue bene bolde,  
Into the folde,  
To climbe by the window.

For their pretence.  
Is to get pence,

To

Signes and Tokens  
To spend at their owne will :  
They take no hēde,  
The flocke to fēde,  
But let them famishe still:

Wherfore all ye,  
That fathers be,  
Instruct your babes in youth :  
That they may flie,  
All Simonie,  
And follow the Lordes truth.

Although children,  
Do Gods law learne,  
Euen from their mothers laps:  
Let none be stalde,  
Til they be calde,  
For feare of afterclaps.

For if the childe,  
Wanton and wilde,  
Passe not vpon his sheepe:  
For them that stray,  
He must nedes pay,  
That gaue them him to keepe.

But tell me than,  
Thou folishe man,  
Who shal thy cause defende :  
When thou shalt stand,

At



of the last day.

At the left hand,  
With Satan for to wend.

Thy men of law,  
Thou foolish dave,  
Whom thou hast in a fee:  
Dare shew no face,  
Within that place,  
To speake one word for thee.

For they haue more,  
To answere for,  
Than they can wel awoold:  
Their conscience shall,  
Accuse them all,  
For that they haue misse meld.

They that for golde,  
To thee haue solde,  
Writings of presentation:  
May looke to dwell,  
With thee in hell,  
Among the wicked nation.

Bishops also,  
That bad thee go,  
The rope in hand to take:  
Are like to fall,  
Depest of all,  
Into the fiery lake.

For

Signes and Tokens  
For they are set,  
Treason to let,  
As watchmen on the wall :  
Which when they spie,  
The enimie,  
Should on their fellows call.

But if the watch,  
Of treason snatch,  
And helpe the wall to scale :  
Into prison,  
They must be done,  
No man may be their bale.

No tirannie,  
Can make them lie,  
In paines worthy their faute :  
That from the towne,  
Set ladders downe,  
To them that giue the saute.

Then may we gesse,  
In what distresse :  
Such leude bishops shall stand :  
When Christ shal come,  
At the last dome,  
By fire to iudge the land,  
For such as would,  
Into the folde,

To

of the last day:

To fill their greedy malices:  
Bishops haue stalde,  
And made them calde,  
True preachers of gods lawes.

But now they vse,  
Them to excuse,  
As they were yong Pilates:  
Saying that they,  
Must needs obey,  
The temporall magistrates.

Wherefore if they,  
Present a boy,  
A verlet or a loute:  
Them to admit,  
What needeth it,  
Bishops to stand in doute.

The patrone shall  
Answer for all,  
Bishops shall beare no blame:  
So they fulfill,  
The patrones will  
And subscribe to the same.

They must therfore,  
Take for no more,  
Then the patrons owne seale,  
Which from all charge,  
Setteth



Signes and Tokens  
Setteth then at large,  
Patrons with God must deale.

So that they may,  
Auoide alway,  
The daunger of the law:  
What forceth it,  
Thonogh they admit,  
Such as they neuer saw.

A yong princookes,  
Sir John smellsmockes,  
A piece of flesh alone:  
To sing and daunce,  
And make pastaunce,  
With Tib, Cissy, and Jone.

A gamester wise,  
In cardes and dyce,  
And all games of the same:  
A cockrel rancke,  
Fit for the bancke,  
A ruffian past all shame.

A swearer good,  
By bones and blood,  
And many othes moe,  
Ready to fight  
Both day and night,  
Where he shall ride or go.

One

of the last day.

One that is wonte,  
To hawke and hunte,  
And keepe a brace of houndes :  
A steward stout,  
To ride about,  
To see his maisters groundes.

An hurly burle,  
A farting churle,  
An whozder bp of grotes,  
A cruell wretch,  
That doth not retch,  
To hang men by the thzotes.

A lobbe a loute,  
A malmesey snoute,  
A drousie dronken face :  
A belly swaine,  
A feeble braine,  
One voide of all Gods grace.

The bishop must,  
The patron trust,  
That gaue the presentation :  
Although he see,  
The suiter bee,  
Of diuelish conuersation.

For if they should,  
Be found so bolde,

C.s.

To



Signes and Tokens  
To checke my lordes chaplen :  
Thinke you they might,  
Fynde it so light,  
To promote their kinsmen.

No no my frende,  
Lordes wil not bende,  
And priestes will not displease :  
They thinke it best,  
To liue in rest,  
That riches may increase,  
So Lordes may haue,  
All that they craue,  
For priests that do them serue :  
Tithe lambe and woll,  
Great houses full,  
But pouertie shall sterue.

To feede the shepe,  
Or house to kepe,  
Such priestes do not intend,  
But when they loke,  
Their counting booke,  
Then for their rents they send.

The patrone will,  
Be Farmer still,  
If that he may ought winne :  
Or else some knaue

Shal



of the last day.  
Shall the gaines haue,  
That is of the priestes kinne.

Some priest hath two,  
Some three some moe,  
Some sixe or seven I trowe:  
Beside odde endes,  
Called Prebendes,  
With Canonries ye knowe.

Five hundred pound,  
And Curates found,  
Some one receiueth clere :  
That in housholde,  
I dare be bolde,  
Spendeth not ten pound a yere

Some other spende,  
By the yeres ende,  
A thousand pound and moze :  
But such I trowe,  
Will not bestowe,  
Ten pound vpon the poze.

They bid to feastes,  
Such maner gesses,  
As will bid them againe :  
They thinke great shame,  
That blinde and lame,  
Should to their court retaine.

C.g.

Net

Signes and Tokens  
Yet with their scraps,  
Sometime perhaps,  
They stufte a beggers bagge :  
Their dogge shal eate,  
Much better meate,  
Whiles y his taile will wagge.

In garments gay,  
They must aray,  
Their seruantes rufflingly :  
And they themselfe,  
May weare no pelfe,  
To make them vnpriestly.

Their horses shall,  
Be good and tall,  
To rid the way at neede :  
For when thinges fall,  
He must haue all,  
That can make the best spæde.

To their estate,  
Cupbordes of plate,  
You know are necessarie :  
For noble men,  
Use now and then,  
With such prelates to tary.

They must haue wine,  
And that full fine,

They

of the last day.

They must spare for no cost.  
If they lacke ought,  
That may be bought,  
Their worship is nere lost.

Short tale to make,  
They must nought lacke,  
Fit for a noble man :  
Rather they will,  
Both polle and pill  
And take all that they can.

But that they might,  
Do this by right:  
A law they haue procured :  
That such may haue,  
Whiles they do craue,  
That are to Lordes assured.

Chaplaines I meane,  
To King and Quene,  
And other Lordes great :  
For a small summe,  
Doth not become,  
One of so high estate.

This law hath made,  
Some priestes glad,  
To cap and knée full low :  
And to promise,

C.ij.

Faith,



Signes and Tokens  
Faithfull seruice,  
To them they do not knowe.  
Some past all shame,  
Obtaine the name,  
By their importune sute :  
Of kinges chaplens,  
And other mens,  
Whose power is absolute.

These will all take,  
And nought forsake,  
With mo bagges to the mill :  
Lay on their backe,  
Till it do cracke,  
And yet they will beg still.

These tonglesse dogges,  
With heauy clogges,  
Can nother bite no? barke :  
Neither espie,  
The enimie,  
Their kennels are so darke.

When they lacke pence,  
None residence,  
Must helpe or all is losse :  
For one halfe yere,  
They make no chere,  
Neither with sodde no? roste.

There

of the last day.

There be also,  
Some other moe,  
Whō we call seruing priestes:  
These must needes lurke,  
And do no worke,  
For filling of their fisses.

These for sixe pound,  
You shall haue bound,  
To take the charge of cure,  
The person may,  
Him spozte and play,  
And liue all at pleasure.

But this stipend,  
Shal not extend,  
To spend all at their wil:  
Both to go gay,  
In their aray,  
And fresh cuppes for to fill.

Some Marchandise,  
They must deuise,  
To mende their liuing with:  
So that they may,  
Their hostes pay,  
For all that she filleth.

Hence came trentals,  
And long beadröls,

C.iiij.

With



Signes and Tokens  
With masse pēce & dirge grotes  
For if they pray,  
They must alway,  
Haue pence to scoure their

I wil not tel, (thzotes.  
How they do sel,  
Christes bloud to bie thē drinke  
For if I should,  
Some if they could,  
Would sel mine to I thinke.

But if they did,  
All thinges counted,  
Their gains wold be but smal:  
For they shall pay,  
At the last day,  
Euen for the dregges and all.

But let this passe,  
My purpose was,  
With words plain to expresse:  
That the cleargy,  
Liueh fleshly,  
And myndeth no godlinesse.

God may them send,  
Grace to amend,  
And to seeke his glozy:  
Setting aside,



of the last day.

All worldly pride,  
As vayne and transitorie.

Then shall their light,  
Shew forth so bright,  
That all men shall be glad :  
Them to follow,  
As men that know,  
The good way from the bad.

But whiles we see,  
Their wayes to bee,  
So full of stumbling stockes :  
We thinke the dawes,  
Stumble at strawes,  
And leape ouer great blockes.

Wherby no seede,  
That is sowed.  
In mans hart taketh roote :  
For where *Phœbus*,  
Hath no cleare course,  
To till it is no boote.

Wherfore all ye,  
That faithful be,  
Pray that preachers may liue :  
As Christ doth teach,  
Else when they preach,  
No man will them beleue.

But

## Signes and Tokens

But if their life,  
Were without strife,  
Though thei preached but seld;  
I know right well,  
They should compell,  
The enimies to yelde.

Then should famine,  
No more be seene,  
That now raigneth ouer all:  
Gods worde should seede,  
All that stand in neede,  
And lust for foode to call.

Effilence also,  
From vs should go,  
We should be safe & sound:  
There should no rot,  
Light of our lot,  
If such shepherdes were found.

But since that we,  
Were found to be,  
So worthy the Lordes ire:  
We haue had felo,  
Whose workes do shew,  
Them worthy the Lordes hire.

of the last day.

For we were ledde,  
For to be fedde,  
In morishe marishe ground:  
Thinking there was,  
Such maner grasse,  
As would haue fed vs found.

But now we see,  
How farre we be,  
Diseased in this case:  
By them that die,  
Most wretchedlie,  
Of all kindes of disease.

Three kindes of rotte,  
Full wel I wotte,  
As shepherdes haue me tolde:  
Lighteth among,  
The lustie pong  
Shepe, as soone as the olde.

Fell rotte is one,  
Wherof dye none,  
But such as lacke dying:  
After they be,  
Washed as we see,  
Before time of shearing.

But here I would,  
That all men should,

Per



## Signes and Tokens

Perceiue what washing is :

And what drying,

Is my meaning,

Wherof men haue such mis.

It is baptisme,

That washeth them,

That in Christ put their trust :

And their drying,

Is bp bringing,

After the ghostly lust.

None can deny,

But faithfully,

Their babes to washe men vse,

But to dry them,

As doth beseme,

Most parte of men refuse.

They go about,

To make them stout,

To get their fleshly foode :

Thinking no néede,

That they should fede,

The soule with doctrine good.

To feare and loue,

The Lord aboue,

Their children are not taught :

Neither to pray,

But

of the last day.

But sing and say,  
All rimes filthy and naught.

At threē yerres olde,  
They shal be bolde,  
To name their mothers shap :  
Their father will,  
Maintaine them stil,  
And set them on his lap,

They shal not feare,  
All othes to sweare,  
By they haue lined seuē yerres :  
The parentes shall,  
Them pryncokes call,  
And say they haue no peares.

O byzibers wood,  
Thinke ye it good,  
To laugh & make great game,  
When you shall see,  
Your babes to bee,  
So wanton past all shame :

No whelpes so wilde,  
As, as some childe,  
No yong kitling so nice :  
No swine so rude,  
And to conclude,  
No stewes so full of vice.

Thou



## Signes and Tokens

Thou foolish man,  
Say if thou can,  
What reward thou shalt haue,  
That doest employ,  
Thee to destroy,  
The seede that God thee gaue.

Eternall fire,  
Shall be thine hire:  
Unlesse thou do repent:  
And call for grace,  
Whiles thou hast space,  
Before thy dayes be spent.

Christ saith alas,  
In full harde case,  
Art thou whose example,  
Causeth babes yong,  
For to go wrong,  
In wayes abhominable.

For thee it were,  
Saith he, better  
To be drowned in the sea,  
Than that the least,  
Childe of beheast,  
Should learne to sinne at thee.

Wherefore all ye,  
That faithfull be,

Let



of the last day.

Let not your vice infecte:  
The tender yong,  
That are among,  
You as the Lordes elect.

But do emplease,  
You buslie,  
To teach them the Lordes wil:  
That in their age,  
They do not rage,  
But liue thereafter stil.

Then the rewarde,  
That is preparte,  
For the that Christ hath bought  
Shal be to you,  
As wages due,  
Bicause you haue it sought,

Now of the first,  
Kotte as I trust,  
You haue intelligence:  
Wherby you may,  
Driue it away,  
Through godly diligence.

The other twayne,  
That do remayne,  
If God wil be my guide:  
I wil descry,

Signes and Tokens  
So plenteously,  
That no man shal it hide.

The hunger bane,  
Is alwayes tane,  
As shepheardes haue told me,  
By to much weate,  
After great heate,  
Which maketh grasse plentie.

Wherof the shepe,  
That could scale creepe,  
Befoze for lacke of fode:  
Finding swete meate,  
Do often eate,  
Much more the doth them god.

By this excesse,  
There doth encrease,  
In them abundantly:  
Bloud corrupted,  
Undigested,  
Which causeth them to dye.

In like manere,  
It doth appeare,  
Amongest them that professe,  
The Christian faith,  
As good Paule saith,  
And yet worke wickednes.



of the last day.

For though that they,  
Desire alway,  
To know Gods veritie:  
Yet when they haue,  
All that they craue,  
They vse it carnally.

By Christ we be,  
At libertie,  
Say they (and that is true)  
For on the Rode,  
He shedde his bloud,  
Our freedome to renue.

From death and sinne,  
Which we were in,  
This bloud hath made vs free:  
And from the yoke,  
Which Moles focke,  
Tooke for their libertie.

Yet are we not,  
So free by that,  
From sinne that we may sake:  
Our fleshy lust,  
And remaine iust,  
Open for Christ Jesus sake.

But loke what day,  
We do obey,

D.s.

The



## Signes and Tokens

The flesh in dede oꝛ thought,  
Our fleshly will,  
Foꝛ to fulfill,  
Christes bloud auaieth nought.

Christ shed his blood,  
To do them good,  
That foꝛsake their owne will :  
And not foꝛ those,  
That wil suppose,  
They may liue fleshly still.

Foꝛ Christ did die,  
To mortifie,  
The flesh, death, hel and sinne :  
In those that he,  
Did know to be,  
Free men of Isaacs kinne.

Foꝛ these he hath,  
Ordeyned a path,  
Wherin needes walk they must.  
If they by sayth,  
As Scripture saith,  
Will be tride to be iust.

Foꝛ without mis,  
No faith there is,  
Where woꝛkes do not ensue :  
Which may declare,

Whose

of the last day.

Whose trās we are,

When iudgement shall be due.

Good woꝝkes therfore,

Will euermore,

Appeare in Gods elect.

For by that signe,

Such as are mine

(Saith Christ) shall be detea.

But such as lurke,

And will not worke,

Dought else but wickednesse,

Christ will forsake,

And them betake.

To the pitte bottomlesse.

There they shall lye,

And wishe to dye,

But death shall flee them fro.

They shall sustayne,

Eternall payne,

Bicause they liued so.

All ye therfore,

That heretofore,

Haue bene ledde in darkenesse:

Do not abuse,

These godly newes,

Through your carnal excelle.

D.g.

Carnall



## Signes and Tokens

Carnall excesse,

Is as I gesse,

To thinke Christ made vs free

For that we should,

Through him be bold,

To worke iniquitie.

But Christ our price,

The sacrifice,

For sinne, having no stayne

Must nedes forsake,

All them that make,

Them selues captiue againe.

And those be they,

That to vs say,

Christ hath payd the ransome,

And worthy price,

For all our vice,

To purchase vs freedome.

His precious blood,

Shedde on the crosse,

Hath set vs all at large :

No maner twight,

Hath any might,

To lay ought to our charge.

By him we trust,

To be found iust,

With en



of the last day.

When he shal iudge vs all :

Notwithstanding,

That our liuing,

Be not like Peter and Paule.

We do not doubt,

His blood without,

Dur woakes, to be able,

Us to restore,

Dur woakes therfore,

Are found vnpromisable.

All this is true,

Yet are woakes due,

And all that do neglect,

To do gods wil,

Are bond men still,

As none of Gods elect.

For none can be,

At libertie,

Through Christ that do not still

Themselves employe,

To mortifie

The flesh, to do Gods wil.

The fruite and tre,

Shall euer be,

All one, this is no way,

The rote and spring,

D.ig.

In

Signes and Tokens  
Is all one thing,  
One good, both good alway,  
The braunche also,  
That cleaueth to  
The vine, shal be fruitfull :  
It cannot be,  
That a good tree,  
Should be vnprofitable.

Euē so brothers,  
All Christes members,  
Bring forth works plētuously :  
The godly secte,  
Of Gods electe,  
Can not liue idelly.

The holy ghost,  
Is not at host,  
With them that liue fleshly :  
They must fulfill,  
The fathers will,  
That wil haue him saye,

Therefore if we,  
Intende to be,  
Temples of the Lordes spirite :  
Our life must not,  
Dissent from that,  
Which holy Paule doth write,  
Make

of the last day.

Make your bodies,  
A sacrifice  
Saith he, sincere and pure :  
Keeping therein,  
No manner sinne,  
But seeke the Lordes pleasure.

When we do this,  
We shall not mis,  
To haue Gods spirite in vs :  
Whose presence shall,  
Helpe vs in all  
Things, that are dangerous.

But if we will,  
Be fleshly still,  
Working our beastly lust :  
Undoubted than,  
In him we can,  
By no meanes put our trust.

For he will be,  
An enimie,  
To all that wil worke vice :  
And to them that,  
Endeuour not,  
From their olde sinne to rise.

Repent therfore,  
And sinne no moze,

D.iii.

But



Signes and Tokens  
But seke God and his will:  
That ye may be,  
At libertie,  
From death, sinne, & the deuil,  
Walke not in sinne,  
Now you be in,  
The light of Gods doctrine,  
For if ye do,  
Ye are like to  
The most uncleanelly swine.  
Which vse to lye,  
Most filthily,  
In myer vp to the head:  
Euen at high none,  
When that the sunne,  
Most glorious beames doth  
But we risen, (spread.  
From death and sinne,  
By Christ our aduocate:  
Must in liuing,  
Seeke for the thing,  
That will keepe our estate.  
That is Gods grace,  
For to embrace,  
His worde and worke his will:  
With all our might,  
Both

of the last day.

Both day and night,  
To live thereafter still.

We haue bene led,  
Blindely and fed,  
Scarsly long time, what than?  
Should we therfore,  
Live euermore,  
After the outward man?

No God forbid,  
That Abrahams seede,  
Should so degenerate:  
That it should smell,  
Of Ismaell,  
Whose stocke was reprobate.

Plenty of meate,  
Now for to eate,  
The good shepeherd hath sent:  
His sheepe to feede,  
Which stode in neede,  
No doubt was his intent.

And not to stroy,  
Their health thereby,  
Which thing it doth in dede:  
When they halfe woode,  
Abuse that foode,  
The flesh therewith to feede.

Feed

## Signes and Tokens

Fæde we therfore,  
The fleshe no more,  
With the foode of the soule:  
For if it catche,  
A further smatche,  
At length it wil controule:

Then may we say,  
Woe worth the day,  
And houre of our first birthe:  
For death shall bring,  
Extreme mourning,  
And take away our mirth.

O cruell lotte,  
O pestilent rotte,  
What plague can be like this?  
Which taketh away,  
Immortal ioy,  
Vanishing vs all blisse:  
No remedie

For this finde I  
But onely earnest prayer:  
Which as I fynde,  
Hath ofte endinde  
God to remit his ire.

Wherefore let vs,  
Be studious,



of the last day.

In prayer, that it may please  
The heavenly king,  
Which knoweth all thing,  
To cure this soze disease.

And then no doubt,  
We shal without,  
Delay come to the blisse :  
That is preparte,  
As a rewarde,  
For them that seeke iustice.

The third kynde as  
My promise was,  
I must nedes now declare :  
That is murraine,  
As sheperdes saine,  
That woꝝketh them much care.

But good herdmen,  
Tell me that when,  
Shepe take the murraine rote :  
Then the shepherde,  
For his rewarde,  
Should be haged by the throte.

For no shepe will,  
Rotte on the hill,  
So long as he is ledde,  
Directly forth,

As

## Signes and Tokens

As the time doth,  
Require for to be fedde.

But such as do,  
Leade shepe into,  
The valley to make them fatte:  
Intend to sell,  
The carcase well,  
And gayne something by that.

But he that will,  
Not his shepe kill,  
But haue them to endure:  
To feede them sound,  
In holesome ground,  
He must euer be sure.

And suche one will,  
Up to the hill,  
To feede his flocke eche day,  
And killeth not,  
Such as are fatte,  
Lest his flocke should decay.

Wherefore we may,  
This safely say,  
They are butchers eche one,  
That feede their shepe,  
In bottomes deepe,  
And let the hill alone.

They

of the last day.

They sende them not,  
But for the fatte,  
They sende at slaughter day:  
They take no care,  
For slender ware,  
Though wolves fetch the away.

Such can be bolde,  
For ready golde,  
To bye a flocke of sheepe:  
And for to haue,  
A slouthful knave,  
That wil take them to keepe.

They do not passe,  
What maner grasse,  
He hath to fede them on,  
So that the summe,  
Do verely come,  
That they do pointe vpon.

Marke now brothers,  
If no butchers,  
May be found in this land:  
Which busly,  
Do Christes flocke bye,  
Out of the sheperdes hand.

What are they that,  
Wise to lye at

The



## Signes and Tokens

The court, or some lordes place:

Where they sustaine,

Importune paine,

Dauuncing on *Gnatos* trace:

These wil espye,

Where great flockes lye,

Where they set one to spie,

To bring tidinges,

Befoze all thinges,

When the shepeherde doth die.

Then they apply,

Their flattery,

By frendship bought with gold :

That for their paine,

They may obtaine,

To enter to the fold.

Pea long befoze,

Some get them store,

Of *Uolwsens* to be sure:

That none shall let,

Them for to get,

In at their owne pleasure.

Then do they set,

Some leude berlet,

To try what may be made:

Pearely of that

Ware

of the last day.

Ware that is fat,  
And all due charges payde.

The chiefe thing is,  
The priestes wages,  
And tenthes due to the king :  
But such as bee,  
In pouertie,  
May be allowed nothing.

For if they should,  
These butchers could  
Not thrive vpon their craft :  
For poore men will  
Be begging still,  
So long as ought is laste.

But they wil spy  
A remedy,  
For that you may be sure :  
Saying they ought  
To giue them nought,  
That do them no pleasure.

Thus verely they  
Do fetch away  
The gaynes that doth arise :  
By tenth increase  
Of mens riches,  
After the largest use.

But



## Signes and Tokens

But for to feede,  
Such as haue neede,  
These fellows take no thought  
But let them pike,  
In euery dike  
All waedes filthy and nought.

Thus they wander,  
As sheepe that were  
Forsaken of their guide :  
Feeding themselves,  
With all such pelfe,  
As growes in the field wide.

But out alas,  
In how hard case  
Are they whose shepherdes are :  
Of Gods preachers,  
Become butchers,  
Prouder than Lucifer.

The murren rot  
Is on their lot,  
Their health is sore decayde :  
No remedie,  
They must needs die,  
Unlesse God be their ayde.

Shepherdes are dead,  
And we are led,

And



of the last day.

Be them that flée vs fro,  
When as they should,  
Do what they could,  
To saue vs from our foe.

Pea rather they,  
Make vs obey,  
Our aduersaries minde,  
Bidding vs trust,  
To be found iust,  
By meanes that they do finde.

Thus they lapped in,  
A sheperdes skin,  
Do say they wil vs fēde :  
With ghostly fode,  
Holesome and good,  
At all times when we nēde.

But when these do,  
Minister to  
Us, as they do but selde :  
Their medicines are,  
Such mixed ware,  
As few sicke men haue selde.

There are also,  
Some other mo,  
Whose names I dare not tell :  
Which beare them bolde,

C.j.

Fo:

## Signes and Tokens

For redy gold,  
The flocke of Christ to sell,

These with Judas  
Which damned was,

For selling Christ our bed:  
Are like certaine

In extreme paine  
To make their endlesse bedde.

Unlesse by grace,  
They do embrace

Gods worde and aske mercy:  
For their sinne is

No lesse than his  
Since they sell Christes body.

In like daunger  
As the byer

And all that condescende:  
But chiefly they

That should alway  
Such great abuse amende.

All kinges therfore,  
Dought much the more

To loke vpon their charge:  
For all the land

Lieth on their hand  
Be it neuer so large.

Let



of the last day.

Let vs therfore

Pray euermore

That good k. Henries thought:

May be enclinde

Such meanes to finde

That Chzistes flocke be not

But that we may (bought.

Haue them alway

To leade vs in and out:

That for our health

To lose the wealth,

Of this worlde will not doubt.

Such doubtlesse will,

Walke to the hill,

Of gods word with their flock:

Going before,

Them euermore,

Like men of Dauids flock.

Then shall their shepe

After them skippe

In life worthy their name:

So that there shall,

Be nought at all,

In them worthy of blame.

For they shall heare,

His voyce so cleare,

C. ij.

And

Signes and Tokens  
And see him go so bright :  
Before their face,  
That they may trace,  
His foote both day and night.  
No darkenesse can,  
Trouble them than,  
No cloud shal duske their sight :  
They shall not stray,  
Out of the way,  
Bicause their guide is bright.

A ioyfull thing,  
God graunt our king,  
Grace to see vs his flocke,  
Ledde on this sorte,  
For our comforte,  
By guides of Dauids flocke.

Then shall we sing,  
Praise to our king,  
And glory to the Lorde :  
Of Israell,  
With whose Gospell,  
Our life should then accorde.

4  
It followeth next,  
Now in the Text,

Great



of the last day.

Great earthquakes shalbe sene:  
Which shal cast downe,  
Both tower and towne,  
And great castels I wene.

Now let vs see,  
Whether there bee,  
In our dayes any towne:  
Castell or tower,  
That thzough the power,  
Of the earthquake is downe.

But that we might,  
Therin iudge right,  
The causes must be known:  
That do so make,  
The earth to quake,  
That townes are ouerthrowen.

In this we must,  
Their iudgement trust,  
That haue writ of the same:  
With their writing,  
Teacheth nothing,  
That is worthy of blame.

All such men do,  
Consent vnto,  
This thing putting no doubt:  
But vapours make,

C.ij. The

## Signes and Tokens

The earth to shake,  
When they seeke a way out.

In caues hollow,  
These vapours grow,  
To such a multitude,  
That at the last,  
They will out brast,  
No strength can them include.

Then cast they downe,  
Both tower and towne,  
That is nigh to the place :

No maner wight,  
May welde their might,  
Nor looke for any grace.

What say we than,  
If that in man,  
These vapours may be found :  
Should we looke for,  
Then any more,  
The shaking of the ground :

No that were bayne,  
For then certayne,  
We might looke for a beast :  
Like to a Beare,  
Which should appeare,  
After saint Johns behest.

This









of the last day.

For drinke the pleasant drinke:

How should Wintners,

And Victualers

Line then, as you do thinke?

God hath all sent,

For to be spent,

And not to whored in Rore:

Why should not than,

A Gentleman,

Eate it paying therfore?

Should a vile slane,

So fine fode haue,

As one of noble blood:

Or should a king,

Lacke any thing,

That is dainty and good?

But let a king,

Marke well this thing,

And teach his nobles all:

That fine feeding,

Helpeth nothing,

To life celestiaall.

And they that thinke,

Their meate and drinke,

Should passe others so farre:

Ought well to know,

That

Signes and Tokens  
That high and low,  
Are made of one matter.

King Salomon,  
Saith all is one,  
A poore man and a king :  
Are first gotten, And then boine,  
And differ yet nothing.

Then are they fed,  
With milke and bread,  
Both like, both waile and weepe,  
A like both crie, A like both lie,  
A like both wake and sleepe.

The mighty King,  
Is found nothing,  
Better than the begger :  
For by his birth, He is but erth,  
The best is no better.

All lose their strength,  
By age at the length,  
All die and fall to dust,  
This thing to bee, True ye may see,  
In their graues if you lust.

The noble blood,  
Doth them no good,  
Whē they rot in y<sup>e</sup> ground:  
For when they come,

of the last day.

To the last dome,  
Where beggers shal be crounde.

Some king shall stand,  
At the left hand,  
And say, when did we see:  
The Lord lacke ought,  
And we haue nought  
Holpe thy necessitie:

But once for all,  
To them Christ shall  
Say, get you hence from me,  
Downe into hel,  
Where you must dwell,  
For your iniquitie.

When ye denied,  
To them that cried,  
Asking helpe in my name:  
Euen than was I, In misery,  
The scripture sayth the same.

So harde iudgement,  
Toward them is bent,  
That haue all thing plentie:  
How harde they fare, Taking no care  
That are in pouvertie.

For riche men are,  
They that should care,

For



Signes and Tokens  
For the poore impotent :  
Both goodes and landes,  
Are in their handes,  
Which serue for that intent.  
God gaue great power,  
And like honour,  
To some because they should:  
Defend the rest,  
Which are oppressed,  
With thirst, hunger, and cold.  
Should they then make,  
Keuell and take,  
Their pleasure day and night :  
Letting the poore,  
Man lacke succour,  
Whō they should ayde by right.  
So they shall pay,  
At the last day,  
All that they haue mispent :  
At cardes and dice,  
And other vice,  
And excesse of rayment.  
Broches and ringes,  
With other thinges,  
Which are had in great price :  
Helpeth nothing,

To

of the last day: ingi?

To good lining,

But rather vnto vice.

For honestie,

Will allwayes bee,

Content with necessities:

Then must excelle,

Be wickednesse,

For they are contraries.

To you riche men,

I must say then,

Set foolishhe toys aside:

In all your wayes,

During your dayes,

Let conscience be your guide.

Let not the poore,

Stand at your doore,

And starue for lacke of foode:

Whiles that ye eate,

All maner meate,

Much more than doth you good.

Kepe not in store,

Much clothing more,

Thā that you must nedes ware:

Bestow your golde,

In tyme of colde,

Vpon such as be bare,

Let

## Signes and Tokens

Let your workes shew,  
That you do know  
Gods worde, set fantasie  
Aparte, thinking  
Your selues nothing,  
Without the Lordes mercy.

Persuade your selfe,  
This worldly pelfe,  
To be but vanitie:  
And that ye ought,  
To withholdenought,  
From needefull pouertie.

You are not set,  
Riches to get,  
But to order the same:  
Ministering,  
Eche needefull thyng,  
To halte, blinde, and to lame.

And for to see,  
That such men bee,  
Punished that haue their helth:  
And wil not worke,  
But lye and lurke,  
Hurting the common welth.

Do not retayne,  
Such as disdayne,



of the last day.

To worke hauing no landes :

For qualities,

Worthy of fees,

Let such worke in their handes.

By idlenesse,

Vice doth increase,

And vertues are opprest :

Wherefore if ye,

Love honestie,

Let these thinges be redrest.

Delight not in,

Other mens shine,

For your owne wickednesse :

But fast and pray,

Striuing alway,

To follow righteousnesse.

Then the earthquake,

Of vice shall take,

No roote within your breast :

You shall be stalde,

As ye are calde,

The children of behest.

And you that bee,

Of lowe degree,

Submit you to the powers :

Do you all thing,

F. f. By

## Signes and Tokens

By Christes teaching,  
And his kingdome is yours.

If you rebell,  
You do not well,  
But yet you may boldly,  
Professe Gods worde,  
Fearing no sworde,  
But suffer manfully.

Repine not at,  
Your base estate,  
But rather giue glory:  
To God which hath,  
Made you a path  
Way, vnto victory.

The riche men are,  
With worldly care,  
Opprest that scarcely they:  
Can at the last,  
Their loades downe cast,  
And enter to your way.

You haue therfore,  
Much cause the more,  
To render thanks to God:  
For that you may,  
Wasse the straight way,  
Easily with your light lode.

Grudge



of the last day.

Grudge not at suchy  
As haue so much,  
Treasure as they call it  
But rather pray,  
To God that they,  
May haue grace to vse it.

And then shall ye,  
Through charitie,  
Upon Christ builde so sure:  
That no earthquake,  
May your life shake,  
Nor worke you displeasure.

5.  
**N**ow let vs see,  
If the starres bee,  
Falle as Christ prophesied:  
Whose wondrous fall,  
The Diuines all,  
Haue thus interpreted.

They say that by  
Astronomie,  
Men may wel vnderstand:  
That the least starre,  
That doth appeare,  
Is more than all the land.

F. y.

Then



## Signes and Tokens

Then they say that,  
If these so great,  
And so many should fall  
Before domes day,  
There were no way,  
We should be quelled all.

But Christles Gospel,  
Doth plainly tell,  
That euen at his conning,  
Men shall apply,  
Them busily,  
To prouide for liuing.

Some shall plante vines,  
And some presse wines,  
And some shall marry wines:  
And some shall die,  
To gaine therby,  
But few shall mende their lines.

The sonne of man,  
Shall appeare than,  
And take them sodainly:  
When they thinke lest,  
To be opprest,  
And liue most iocundly.

Here we are taught,  
That they do naught,

of the last day.

And take the prophetic:  
Of Christ amis,  
That say there is,  
In it no myserie.

For if it were,  
So taken there,  
As the letter doth sound:  
Two things plainly,  
Cleane contrary,  
In Gods worde should be found:

Which cannot be,  
And therfore we,  
Must needs graunt that there  
More myserie, (lieth:  
In prophetic,  
Than the worde signifieth.

Let vs therfore,  
Tarie no more,  
Upon the wordes onely:  
But let our minde,  
Be giuen to finde,  
What thing is meant therby.

The starres are bright,  
Both day and night,  
But when the Sunne is cleare,  
He doth so shine,

F.ij.

Before

## Signes and Tokens

Before our eyne,  
That no starre can appeare.

But so soone as,  
The Sunne doth passe,  
The circle of our sight:  
We may espie,  
Them easily,  
Through darknes of the night.

Yet are they not,  
Themselves of that,  
Nature to appeare bright,  
Unlesse *Phæbus*,  
Splendiferous  
Do endue them with light.

Naturall light,  
Of day and night,  
Since the world was begunne:  
Is proued by  
Astronomie,  
To procede of the Sunne.

The starres therfore,  
Haue enermore,  
Their light from *Phæbus* face:  
Although they be,  
As we do see,  
Of a farre distant place.



of the last day.

So the clearenesse,  
Of godlinesse,  
By Gods worde is given:  
In like maner,  
To them that are,  
Of Christ called Christen.

Christ by the sters,  
Meant good liuers,  
Whose works shew very bright:  
But their brightnesse,  
Is but darkenesse,  
When Gods worde is in sight.

For Gods mercy,  
Sheweth so clearely,  
And mans vnworthinesse:  
Is found so darke,  
That no good worke,  
May shew any brightnesse.

But the poore man,  
That neuer can,  
By day walke in the light:  
Of Gods worde must,  
Follow the iust,  
Whose works shine in the night.

The night I call,  
This world throught all,  
Faith.      Where,

## Signes and Tokens

Wherin the christian secte :  
Are as starres bright,  
To giue them light,  
Whom darkenes doth infecte,  
The starres should moue,  
In heauen above,  
The shadow of the ground :  
That Phebus bright,  
Might giue them light,  
To shine in the world rounde.  
But now they be,  
The more pittie,  
Eche one fallen fro thence:  
None do intend,  
For to ascend  
Againe, and leaue their pence.  
But much rather,  
They go lower,  
To get golde and treasure,  
Their onely minde,  
Is for to finde,  
Meanes to liue at pleasure.  
And they that would,  
That other should,  
Take them for true leaders :  
Began to fall,

Downe



of the last day:

Do one first of all,  
And are now deceivers.

I meane prelates,  
And magistrates,  
Which say we must incline:  
As to agree,  
With such as be,  
Men of great discipline.

They say we must,  
Their iudgement trust,  
And obey theyr decrees,  
Although we see,  
Them for to be,  
Against Gods verities.

They say how can,  
The private man,  
Discerne Gods veritie,  
If great prelates,  
And magistrates,  
Should teache the falsities:

For God they say,  
Giueth alway,  
The truth to the rulers:  
They cannot erre,  
In peace nor warre,  
That are Gods partakers.

Would



## Signes and Tokens

Would God they were,  
But many feare,  
These will be tried at the last:  
To be nothing,  
But rauening  
Molues seeking for repast.  
Such proude Prelates,  
And magistrates,  
I meane to seeke glory  
To them and theirs,  
As though their heyres,  
Should haue the earth onely.  
Bishop Cayphas,  
Pilate Annas,  
Herode with many more  
Were magistrates,  
And great Prelates,  
And yet wrought Christ much wo.  
Their feare to leese,  
Their dignities,  
Was cause that they did this,  
And that they slue,  
All preachers true,  
That were Christes witnesses.  
For they thought that,  
Their power could not,

of the last day.

Be able to resist :  
And keepe vnder,  
The great number,  
That wold haue solomned Christ.

For they knew well,  
That his Gospell,  
Agreed not with their pride :  
And thought if that,  
They slew him not,  
Their sect would be destroyed.

These were they that,  
Did stumble at,  
The stone in Israell,  
Euen their leaders,  
And chiefe rulers,  
As Scripture doth vs tell.

Maisters of scholes,  
Were proued foles,  
And wise men lacked wit :  
But simple foules,  
That gathered folles,  
And caught fishes had it.

Euen so this day,  
Full well ye may,  
Affirme that Christ hideth :  
His mysteries,

From

Signes and Tokens  
From proude mens eyes,  
Which to babes he sheweth,  
Princes Prelates,  
All magistrates,  
Could not destroy the pride :  
Of Rome till that,  
More men sparde not,  
To speake till some were fride,  
But at the last,  
It was done cast,  
Within this realme ye know :  
Both farre and nere,  
And Abbeyes were,  
Suppress and brought ful low,  
Bicause therin,  
Was such soule sinne  
Used, and such popery :  
That some men thought,  
The ground could not,  
Sustaine their buggery.  
Well when this was,  
Thus come to passe,  
Men praised God in our king :  
Which by prudence,  
And diligence,  
Had brought to passe this thing.  
They



of the last day.

They looked for,  
To haue no more,  
Poperie maintaine here:  
Bicause within,  
This realme was scene,  
No Monke, Chanon, nor Frier.

But apes will be,  
You may trust me,  
Apes still though their clothing:  
Were purple fine,  
Nought can incline  
Them to leaue their mowing.

These pied goates,  
Chaunged their coates,  
Yet are their mindes the same:  
That they were once,  
Though for the nonce,  
They do such popery blame.

Some weare miters,  
And some gray furies,  
And some hatie cure of soules,  
But their lining,  
Differeth nothing,  
From thē that dranke in bowles.

In Colledges,  
You cannot misse,

## Signes and Tokens

To see of them great store :

Where they apply,

Their buggery,

Even as they did before.

Wherefore all ye,

That learned be,

And may do ought therein :

Do what ye may,

Both night and day,

To plucke vp this foule sinne.

Else doubt ye not,

But the Lord that

Burned the five cities :

And hath cast downe,

In field and towne,

The great and huge abbaies :

For that foule sinne,

Will soon beginne,

To make your place desart :

No fresh singing,

No gaye piping,

Shal make ought for your part.

Such as cannot,

Refraine from that,

Dought for to marry wines :

of the last day. Inq 12

No bolue can binde,  
Such as can finde,  
No meane to mende their liues.

In eche degré,  
Matrimonie,  
And the bedde vndefiled:  
Are holy thinges,  
Though the thauelings,  
Count married men defiled.

God graunt we may,  
Once see the day,  
Wherin we may be free:  
To leade our liues,  
With honest ioues,  
And preach Gods veritie.

For now he that,  
Conteyneth not,  
And hath the gift to preache:  
Must either hide,  
That giste or bide,  
Still burning like a wretche.

So that no man,  
Unlesse he can,  
Obtayne of God the giste  
Of chastitie,

May



## Signes and Tokens

May looke to be,  
A preacher by this drifte.

And doubtles this,  
Were not amis,  
If God would not require :  
Increase of that,  
Which man hath at,  
His hande receined here.

But sith God will,  
Punish them still,  
That doth not occupie :  
Their talentes than,  
No Justice can,  
Deny them libertie.

Let no popery,  
Therfore deny,  
Christes membres to profet :  
Eche other still,  
After Gods will,  
With such giftes as they get.

Let all men be,  
At libertie,  
To preach if that they can,  
An honest wise,  
Hurteth not the life,  
Of any godly man.

of the last day.

Most noble king,  
Helpe in this thing,  
And giue them libertie:  
To preach that can,  
Though a woman,  
Do helpe their chastitie.

Then shall you see,  
The veritie,  
Of gods word taught ful plainly  
By them that will,  
Defend no ill,  
To haue lining therby.

But some will say,  
That by this way,  
Great schisme shall arise:  
For the cleargie  
And the laitie,  
Will preach two contraries.

Graunt that they do,  
Yet of them two,  
One shall not misse to speake:  
The truth alway,  
Where now men say,  
To lye priestes do not reake.

Then should we bee,  
In worse degree

G. J.

Say

Signes and Tokens  
Say they, than we be now :  
For no man could,  
Tell which he should,  
Of these two sortes follow.

Yes yes be bolde,  
It were some folde,  
Which of them preacheth true :  
For true preachers,  
Are obseruers,  
Of Gods comaundement new.

A newe precept,  
For to be kept,  
Saith Christ I giue you now :  
That eche brother,  
Loue an other,  
Euen as I haue loued you.

For by that signe,  
Such as are mine,  
Shall be knownen to all men :  
Faith cannot bee,  
Where charitie,  
Is not the graunde capteine.

That sorte that loue,  
As is aboue,  
Eche other faithfully :  
And will betake,

Them



of the last day:

Them to the stake,  
Ere they wil ought deny,  
Of that they preach,  
That sozte doth teach,  
The truth you may be sure :  
These will not say,  
Both yea and nay,  
For any mans pleasure.

Yet once againe,  
Such as disdaine,  
That married mē should preach :  
Will say that then,  
All married men,  
Will count eche priest a wretch.

What forceth that,  
If priestes be not  
Of Christ, but of Satan :  
We may ordaine,  
No priestes againe,  
After the inwarde man.

None should regard,  
Such as outwarde,  
Signes do make priestes onely :  
But them whose life,  
Is without strife,  
And their doctrine godly.

G. y.

An.

## Signes and Tokens

Unfainedly,  
Such are worthy,  
To haue double honour,  
For that they are,  
So full of care,  
To helpe their christen brother.

Such men looke not,  
For the crowne that,  
Shall be taken them fro,  
But to encrease,  
Godly riches,  
As all thing that they do.

But now alas,  
In how hard case,  
Standeth this world this day:  
When all Rulers,  
And all Preachers,  
For sake this godly way.

Who would not be,  
Of high degree  
This day, what Prince or King:  
Desireth not,  
More rule than that,  
Was his fathers leauing.

Their onely care,  
Is for to fare,

of the last day.

Delicately eche day:

And to maintaine,

This they are faine,

To get all that they may,

Might is their law,

Wherby they draw,

All goodes into their handes:

And he that will,

Say they do ill,

Shal lose both goodes & landes.

They thinke not, that

They were made at

The first, them to defend,

That haue no might,

To keepe their right,

For their wrongs to amend.

For that intent,

Sufficient

Landes, was giuen to eche one:

Bicause he should,

Do what he could,

To saue the weale commune.

But now they be,

The more pitie,

So sonde of vaine honour:

That on the ground,

G. 17.

Scarce



## Signes and Tokens

Scarce can be found,  
Enough for their owne store.

Both more and lesse,  
Study to passe,  
Their forefathers degree :  
Thinking it shame,  
To beare the name,  
Of fruitfull pouertie.

Lordes must inclose,  
Pastures, medowes,  
To holde in their owne handes :  
And that the rent,  
May kepe his stent,  
They must improue their lands.

The merchant man,  
Doth what he can,  
To be Lord ouer townes :  
Eche king is bent,  
With full intent,  
To subdue many crownes.

Alas the while,  
They do begile,  
Themselves now every one :  
Thinking that they,  
Shall raigne alway,  
Upon the ground alone.

The

of the last day.

The day shall come,  
When their kingdome,  
Shall not be worth a straw :  
Nor they themselves,  
With all their pelfe,  
The value of an haw.

Their golde and all,  
To duste will fall,  
This is to manifest,  
And they also,  
Must after go,  
Perchance when they thinke lest  
What folly then,  
Is in these men,  
To leaue Gods veritie,  
And to apply,  
So busily,  
This worldly vanitie?

But I you pray,  
Hearke what I say,  
And giue me eare a while :  
I shall you shew,  
At wordes few,  
What doth these men begile.

They thinke God will,  
Compte nothing ill,

G.iiij.

That

Signes and Tokens  
That mans law iustifieth :  
And that by might,  
To claime their right,  
With Gods worde agræth.  
To make the best,  
Of most and lest,  
Is lawfull for eche man,  
They say, and so  
Be bound to do,  
For no man though they can.

To gather pelfe,  
Eche for himselfe,  
So they do no man wrong :  
Is not they say,  
Out of the way,  
Such errors are by sprong.

Feare to displease,  
Desire of ease,  
And cloked flattery :  
As I suppose,  
Hath made men glose,  
Gods worde so subtilly.

But if the kings,  
With their lordings,  
Would lead the daunce aright:  
We may be bold,

The



of the last day.

The poore men would,  
Follow with all their might.

You kings therefore,  
Couet no more,  
One to subdue the rest :  
But let your strife,  
Be in good life,  
Which of you can rule best.

Desire not,  
To rule them that,  
Refuse your imperie  
But do intend,  
Them to defend,  
That serue you willingly.

And you lordings,  
Leaue your diggings,  
And your raising of rentes,  
Take not such fines,  
To by you wines,  
For God knoweth your intents

And you merchantes,  
Be not seruantes,  
To coueteous desire :  
But sell and bie,  
All thinges truely  
And God shall giue you hie.

Briefly

Signes and Tokens  
Briefly all ye,  
That of Christ be,  
Cognomed Christians,  
Study to moue,  
In heauen aboue,  
This earthly inhabitaunce,  
Let men know that,  
You regarde not,  
This worldly vanitie :  
But let them see,  
That your workes bee,  
Fruites of Gods veritie.  
Then shall your merde,  
As farre excēde,  
When Christ shall iudge vs all :  
Theirs that by sinne,  
Would heauen winne,  
As the free doth the thrall.

6

Now let vs see,  
If the Moone bee  
Blud as christ prophesied  
That we may trie,  
What myserie,  
Under the wordes lieth.

3

of the last day.

I did you tell,  
As I thinke well,  
That since the world begonne :  
Both day and night,  
Haue all their light,  
At the beames of the sunne.

This if you list,  
Is tried soonest,  
By marking the Moones light,  
Which doth alway,  
Grolwe and decay,  
As we may iudge by sight.

The cause of this,  
Undoubted is,  
The vnequall distaunce :  
Of the Moone from,  
The Sunne by whom,  
She doth hir light auaunce.

Marke if ye list,  
That side soonest,  
Receineth light alway :  
That is next to  
The Sunne and so,  
The other doth decay.

Yea if you marke,  
That side is darke,

That



Signes and Tokens  
That is fromwarde the sunne :  
When that is bright,  
Both day and night,  
That *Phæbus* shineth on.

Aske if ye will,  
Them that can skill,  
And they wil not make strange :  
That *Phæbus* bright,  
Should haue full light,  
Both at full and at change.

For they haue found,  
That she is round,  
And that halfe is aye bright :  
Which is not straunge,  
Though at the chaunge,  
It be out of our sight.

For at that tide,  
The further side,  
From vs is toward the Sunne :  
So that no light,  
Sheweth to our sight,  
To be vpon the Moone.

If this Moone should  
Be bloud, none could  
Make the scriptures agræ :  
For the great dome

Saith

of the last day.

Saith Paule, shall come  
Upon men sodainlie.

Euē when men say,  
All care away,  
All thinges are in good plight :  
This sodaine day,  
Shall men affray,  
As a thiefe in the night.

If a thiefe do,  
Giue warning to  
Him whose house he wil breake  
Then may we say,  
This sodaine day,  
Shall not lie in our necke.

But I say if,  
The subtile thiefe,  
Giue no warning before :  
Then to thinke the  
None bloud to be,  
We were deceiued sore.

Then let vs see,  
What it may bee,  
That Christ meaneth in this  
Endeuouring (place :  
Aboue all thing,  
To apply to his grace.

The

## Signes and Tokens

The None I call,  
That sort through all,  
To whō God giueth not grace.  
To attaine to  
Such things as do  
Godly knowledge increase.

For all the light,  
That shineth bright,  
On them is from the sunne:  
Which is no doubt,  
The very roote,  
That Gods grace lighteth on.

Of these Christ saith,  
Your fruitfull faith,  
Sheweth you to be the light:  
Of this world round,  
And of the ground,  
The salte your surname hight.

This None no nay,  
Is blond this day,  
For all their desire is:  
To see men fry,  
And then they cry,  
O godly sacrifice.

These men can sing,  
None other thing,

- But



of the last day: n. 12

But burne, burne, hang & dabo:  
Let no man scape,  
Out of our shrape.  
Be he wise man or dabo.

Try we our might:  
(Say they) in fight,  
Against our enemies:  
It shall be good,  
To see their blood,  
Runne out before our eies.

Let vs possesse,  
All their richesse,  
Let the knaues liue no more:  
Shall we suffer,  
Them to prosper,  
That set by vs no store?

It is noble,  
To be manfull,  
Fie on all wretched knaues:  
That to vs preach,  
And would vs teach,  
To liue like wretched slaues.

Let eche man try  
It manfully,  
What should we passe for lawes?  
They were not made,

For

## Signes and Tokens

For to be had,  
Amongest other than daues.

Who would regard,  
A knaue coward,  
That dare not strike a stroke:  
Say what you can,  
He is no man,  
But rather a dead stocke.

It is manhood,  
To shed your blood,  
For eche good fellows sake:  
He is a mome,  
John dwell at home,  
That feareth a fray to make.

Alas this song,  
Hath last so long,  
That the Poone is all blood:  
They thinke nothing,  
But bloodshedding,  
To be manly and good.

They take no shame,  
To beare the name  
Of Christ, whose doctrine is  
Full of meekenesse,  
And forgivenessse,  
Eche one of others mis.

And

of the last day:

And yet they will,  
Shed mans blood still:  
As it were none offence:  
But Christ shall quell,  
Such into hell,  
To make them recompence.

Thus he shall say,  
At the last day,  
To this noble manhood,  
Auoyde from me,  
All you that be,  
The shedders of mans blood.

Then shall meekenesse,  
Come and possesse,  
Euerlasting glory,  
And sufferance,  
Inheritance,  
That is not transitorie.

To the Jewes sterne,  
Christ sayth, go learne  
What this may signify:  
I haue in price,  
No sacrifice,  
I delight in mercy.

Leaue tyranny,  
And shew mercy,

H. J.

Ther



Signes and Tokens  
Therefore ye men of power :  
For he that is  
Cruell, shall mis,  
Of mercy in that holwer.

Marke this thing well,  
That the Gospell  
Teacheth, to them shall bee  
Iudgement, without  
Mercy no doubt,  
That shew extremitie.

7

**T**he Sunne is bright,  
And giueth light,  
As he hath done alway :  
And shall do still,

Euen vntill,  
The very iudgement day.

For as it did,  
Till Noe entred,  
Into the arke shine bright :  
So shall it do,  
Till Christ come to  
Iudge all the worlde aright.

Some other thing,  
Is the meanyng,

Ther

of the last day.

Therefore of Christ, where he  
Sayth, *Phœbus* bright  
Shall lose his light;  
Before this day shall be.

We do knowe all,  
The naturall,  
Light of this worlde to be :  
The sunne, and so  
Alludng to,  
The spirite thus say may we.

Like as the Sunne,  
Since he begunne  
His course, hath giuen vs light :  
So hath the secte,  
Of Christes electe,  
Bene glorious in our sight.

Wherefore he might,  
Say thus ofright,  
The Sunne shall be darkened :  
When he meaneth,  
Their light faileth,  
That haue to me harkened.

Such as professe,  
All holinesse,  
And would be called the light :  
Of this worlde wide,

Shall

Signes and Tokens  
Shall ere that tide,  
Be as darke as midnight.  
Their life shall bee,

All vanitie,  
They shall say and not do ;  
They shall offende,  
And not amende,  
For for their misse be wo.

This greate darkenesse,  
Shall them oppresse,  
Sayth Christ, let vs therfore  
Marke this tyme well,  
For the Gospell,  
May be fulfilled this houre.

Do not men boast,  
In euery coast,  
That their trust is onely :  
In Iesus Christ,  
Sonne of the hiest,  
And yet liue vngodly :

They that professe,  
This perfectnesse,  
Are of Christ called the light  
Of this worlde wide,  
Which at this tide,  
Do shine nothing so bright.



of the last day.

As they did once,  
When they did renounce,  
All worldely vanitie:  
Hauing no minde,  
Treasures to finde,  
That are but transitozie.

For Epicure,  
Sought not pleasure,  
So much as these men do:  
That do vse most,  
To make such boast,  
Of Christ whom they cleane to.

Soft feather beds,  
And for their heads,  
Pillows wel stufft with downe:  
No kynde of ease,  
Can them well please,  
Either in fielde or towne.

They may not eate,  
Such kynde of meate,  
As God giueth plenty:  
They will not dine,  
Without some fine  
Dishes that be deintie.

They will not spare,  
For them that are,

Op,

## Signes and Tokens

Opprest with pouertie  
They take no képe,  
Though other weépe,  
So they be not hungrie.

I can not tell,  
Whether in hell,  
May be lesse charitie:  
Than is this day,  
In most that say,  
We know Gods veritie.

None take such care,  
For dainty fare,  
As they, none passe lesse holwe  
They get richesse,  
So they possesse,  
Therof plenty ynowe.

Their Simonie,  
And vserie,  
I thinke is right well knowne:  
For all that may,  
Be wonne that way,  
Is counted for their owne.

Thus they are darke,  
For their good warke,  
Doth not shine in mens sight:  
Though they professe,

Such



of the last day.  
Such perfectnesse,  
As ought to shine full bright.

We may apply,  
This prophecy,  
To Gods worde, affirming  
It to be darke,  
Through the leude warke,  
Of dunsecall learning.

The Moone also,  
May be like to  
Mans bayne inuentions:  
Which are this day,  
I dare well say,  
Bloudy intentions.

But I seying,  
The misse liuing,  
Of all degrees this day:  
Haue chose rather,  
And thinke better,  
To take the other way.

This haue I tolde,  
Euen as I could,  
The signes of the last day:  
To be all past,  
And that in hast,  
The trumpetter shall say:

Fall



all in aray,  
all in aray,  
All ye of Adams stocke:  
The shepheard will,  
Come from the hill,  
To disseuer his flocke.  
Then without let,  
The sheepe shall get  
Them vnto his right side:  
The goates shall stande  
At the left hande,  
Iudgement for to abide.  
God graunt that we,  
May faithfull be,  
And then we shall not misse:  
At the last day,  
To take the way  
Into eternall blisse.

FINIS.

3 JY 62

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don by Henry Bynneinan for  
John Charlewood, dwelling  
in Barbican, at the signe  
of the halfe Eagle  
and the key.

